

The Angels Want The Phonebox

by NerdOfEverything

Category: Doctor Who, Sherlock

Genre: Sci-Fi, Supernatural

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-09 18:25:00

Updated: 2016-04-09 18:25:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:08:58

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 665

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: SuperWhoLock Story The TARDIS has been acting strange and the Doctor and Clara end up in 21st century London. Meanwhile, two men are on a case trying to solve some odd disappearances. Oh, but there is more. Two 'hunters' have come over to London, also trying to solve this mystery. What is going on? [Sabriel, Destiel, DoctorClara, and JohnLock will be added. Rated M just in case.]

The Angels Want The Phonebox

It was silent. The only noise that could be heard was the low hum of the console in the middle of the room. It seemed as though the place had been abandoned. Oh, no no no. He wouldn't do that. He's nothing like that.

Then, suddenly, the door of the seemingly large space ship opens up. Lasers are being shot. Noises of fighting can be heard. A older looking man and a beautiful woman run through the door, immediately closing the door behind them. The man, in a flurry, dashes over to the console and presses many buttons until he hears a low whoosh. The ship shakes as it takes off into the time vortex. The women sighs in relief.

"That was a close one, wasn't it Doctor?" The Doctor chuckles tiredly, nodding.

"Yes, yes it was. I don't know what's going on with her, Clara! The TARDIS just keeps shutting down in the worst of places. She puts us in places that are fixed in time. I wonder what's wrong with her..." The Doctor shook his head and sighed. Clara strolls over to him, placing a hand on his shoulder. But before she can say anything, the ship shakes once more, taking them to some random place in time. "Damn it! Not again!" The Doctor yells.

He hurries around the console, trying to stop it. The TARDIS won't stop. Clara tries to help, but nothing seems to be working. Everything is shaking, and then...

It stops.

Everything is still. The TARDIS started shutting down. Clara looks over to the Doctor, then to the door. She smiles, "Well, looks like we'll be here for a while. Should we check out where we are?"

The Doctor took a stride over to Clara, "After you."

-

The streets of London are bustling with the sounds of people doing their everyday work. Taxi drivers picking up and dropping off people, and, hopefully, not murdering anyone. If you look closely, you'll see two men. They seem to be on the look out.

"Sherlock, what are we doing again?" The shorter of the two asked.

The taller one with the blue scarf, who is obviously Sherlock, didn't even glance in his direction, "Science John, this is for science."

John sighed in response. He shook his head, "How is this even related to science? We're just watching people shopping and walking down the street."

Sherlock continued to analyze everyone who walked passed. One women with no smile lines, obviously doesn't laugh much, seems-no, is having an affair with her husband. You can tell by the dress she is wearing. Someone else, a big business secretary (you can tell by the way her hair is styled), has just lost her cat. Sherlock shook his head, "I'm trying to find someone. Someone who sticks out like a sore thumb."

John raised his eyebrow, "Oh? Do you know the person?"

Sherlock shook his head, "No. I'm not looking for anyone in particular. I'm just looking for someone odd."

John sighed, "Whatever Sherlock. I don't understa-"

"Well, of course you don't. Your small mind. It must be so easy not being me." The consulting-detective replied. He then quickly stood up, "There. That man and women." Sherlock declared, casting his attention over to two people walking out of a blue box. No one else seemed to notice.

"What? The two that just walked out of the snog box-Sherlock! What are you doing? Wait!" John rain after the departing man.

The Doctor looked around, sonicking the area, "Hmm, modern day London."

Clara looked around, "At least it's not some crazy hostile alien planet."

"Excuse me." Both Clara and the Doctor turned their heads over to the man speaking. He has dark, curly hair and a long, black trench coat with a navy blue scarf. "What are your names?"

Clara smiled, "I'm Clara, Clara Oswald."

The Doctor glanced at them wearily, "I'm the Doctor..."

The shorter of the two looked confused at this answer, "Doctor? Doctor who?"

End
file.